THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord."—ISAIAH

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THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY AT OGDEN.

(From the Ogden Junction, July 26, 1871.)

THE morning of the blessed Twenty-fourth dawned clear, cool and cloudless. When the first rays of the rising sun gleamed over the mountain tops, the booming of artillery announced the opening of the celebration, and gave the signal for the hoisting of our country's flag. The Stars and Stripes were run up to the summit of the liberty pole, newly erected on Union Square, and the Ogden Brass Band rolled out "The Star Spangled Banner" in splendid style, the inspiring strains, in the still morning air, penetrating to every part of the city. Ogden was soon all alive, and responses to the booming of the cannon sounded in various directions, from rifles and muskets, down to popguns and fire crackers.

Shortly after wagons arrived with the Brass Band from Kaysville, followed by Beesley's Martial Band on the first train from Salt Lake. Teams commenced rolling in from the settlements, and troops of school children poured into the streets and hurried to their appointed gathering places.

At 9.30 President Young and party arrived in carriages from the North, and simultaneously the first section of the excursion from Salt Lake rattled up to the extreme terminus of the Utah Central R. R. on Fifth Street, followed in a few minutes by the rest of the party, numbering about 1,100 in all.

The procession was formed on Tabernacle Square, and being composed of representatives from so many places, took considerable time to organize. Meanwhile an immense concourse of people in all kinds of vehicles had gathered in the principal streets of the city, gay in their holiday attire and merry as crickets. The procession started at 11 a.m.

First, a company of cavalry, commanded by Capt. Green Taylor, rode as an advance guard. Next came Col. W. N. Fife, the Marshal of the Day, with his aides, Majors D. Mill and G. J. Wright. Then followed a large company of the original Mormon Battalion with an appropriate banner, and after them the pioneers with a large banner inscribed "Pioneers of '47, Path Finders and Empire Founders," behind them a representation of the journey across the plains, consisting of a ferry boat to cross the streams, a company of observation, with quadrant and surveying instruments, and an ox team and wagon decorated with cooking utensils—a woman sitting in front churning butter.

Utah in '47 was represented by a poor team and wagon, loaded with sage and other brush, the products of the soil which greeted the eyes of the pioneers on their entrance into Salt Lake Valley. Utah in '71 was a beautiful contrast — wheat, barley, oats and other small grain, huge corn stalks, all kinds of vegetables, apples, apricots, peaches, plums, currants and other fruits, with flowers and fine grasses interspersed, drawn on a fine wagon by four splendid horses in prime condition. This was succeeded by a good display of agricultural implements and more produce, all helping to show the changes wrought by industry, patience and determination, since the advent of the pioneers.

Captain Beesley's Martial Band, the best in the Territory, headed another section of the procession, leaving a space for the Ecclesiastical and Civil Authorities and the Committee of Arrangements, who were received into the procession at the residences of President Richards and Mayor Herrick, under salute from Capt. Taylor's cavalry.

A company of youths and young ladies born in Utah came next with a banner "Valley Tan." The girls looked sweet and beautiful in their white dresses, blue sashes and floral wreaths, and we were proud of our native products. Then came the schools. Children, children, children, then more children and children again, until it was a wonder where they all came from. Among the numerous banners and mottoes they carried were "Buds on the Olive Branch of Israel," "Little Rays of Coming Glory," "Welcome Brigham," "There is no Excellence without Labor," "Young Saplings from the Groves of Israel. Future Pillars for the House of God," etc.

The Female Relief Society appeared in four decorated waggons with fine teams, and presented a splendid appearance. They bore banners inscribed as follows:—Female Relief Society. We succor the distressed." "Woman's Rights—To Help Man and Serve God."

Then came an outfit that afforded infinite amusement and formed the sensation of the show. In a dump cart, drawn by a scraggy steed, and led by a ragged fellow with a couple of black eyes, sat two persons dressed in swallow-tailed coats, and high plug hats with mourning bands. The foremost carried a roll of paper terminating in an infant's skirt inscribed "Bill," on his hat was the name "Cullom." The mourner in the rear was labeled "Cragin," and behind him was another fellow holding a banner, with the words, "Oh! My Poor Baby is Dead." The fate of the Cullom Bill, and the grief of the once celebrated authors of anti-Mormon Congressional efforts was appreciated by the thousands of spectators who lined the streets, and the resort of the "extinguished" individuals to cigars and the bottle, as their "only consolation" in affliction, was received with shouts of laughter.

The Kaysville brass band headed the last section of the procession, and was followed by a company of infantry, commanded by Capt. Mark Hall, bearing, in addition to the regular flag, two banners, with the following inscriptions: "The Constitution. The Right of the People to Bear Arms Shall Not Be Infringed." "American Citizens. The Right to Keep and Bear Arms is Forbidden Us by Federal Officers." Then came the trades and professions. The Press was represented by the *Ogden Junction*. Cases were set up in a wagon, and the typos "set up" the type. Their banner was "The Press. Truth's Champion. The Tyrant's Dread." The wagon was covered with placards: "Odgen Junction. The Voice of the City." Z.C.M.I. represented the Commercial Interests, with boxes of dry goods labeled with the names of the principal merchants trading at the Institution, and a magnificent silk banner, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution: Your Bulwark." Then followed tanners, tinners, furniture-makers, home made from the Woollen Factory, &c., &c.

All the settlements in Weber county, except Hooper, were there, represented by teams, wagons, produce, implements of industry, schools, &c., making a very creditable display, and the motto, "We Want No Drones in Our Hive!" North Odgen had a brass band, so had Plain City, and a banner, "The City of the West," with a beehive. Captain Joseph A. West's juvenile cav-

alry, well mounted and uniformed, brought up the rear.

The procession took the route marked out in the programme till it reached Sixth street, when it was marched east to the foot of the bench, thence south to Seventh street, and thence northward to the Bowery.

The bands played while the immense audience, numbering not less than 6,000, took their seats. On the stand were Presidents B. Young, Geo. A. Smith and D. H. Wells; Elders Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, F. D. Richards, Geo. Q. Cannon and B. Young, jun., of the Twelve Apostles, many other leading Elders, and a number of distinguished visitors from the East.

The ceremonies commenced with singing by the Ogden choir of the following—

HYMN OF PRAISE,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION BY MISS E. R. SNOW.

Great Source of Good—our Father God—
God of Eternity,
Who spread creation's form abroad—
All praise is due to Thee.

This day in vast assembly met,
All hearts, as one, should raise
In grateful strains, to celebrate
Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

We know Thy voice—we own Thy hand,
We recognize Thy power;
Thy finger pointed to this land,
In persecution's hour.

Thy wisdom, man's unerring guide,
His bark of life to steer—
Thy people's trust, whate'er betide—
Thy wisdom led us here.

Thy blessing crown'd our earnest toil,
And made the desert bloom,
And drew the products from the soil,
In this, our mountain home.

To Thee, the highest notes we'll raise—
The noblest tribute pay—
To Thee devote the sweetest lays,
On this illustr'ous day.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Elder L. A. Shurtliff, followed by singing by the North Ogden choir, and music by the Kaysville Brass Band.

President D. H. Wells said, In response to the request of your committee I have penned a few sentences, which my friend and brother, Geo. Q. Cannon, who is a much better reader than I am, has kindly consented to read. I will add a sentiment—

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.—May it ever be commemorated by us, our children and our children's children, to the latest generation, and the names of those noble men, faithful and ever true—the pioneers of 1847, together with our patriotic fathers who signed the Declaration of Independence, be forever held in honorable remembrance!

Hon. Geo. Q. Cannon then read the following

ORATION

BY PRESIDENT D. H. WELLS, ORATOR OF THE DAY.

Twenty-four years ago, to-day, 143 souls, consisting of Apostles, Prophets and representative men, and leaders in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, arrived in the valley of the Salt Lake. They pitched their camp amid the sombre-hued sage, on the ground where now stands the Queen City of the mountains, a lasting monument to their unswerving faith, energy, perseverance and industry. "Here," said our beloved President Brigham Young, "we shall rest for a season. The Saints of God will find a haven of rest in these valleys of the mountains. Go, brethren, and explore other valleys, and when you return, you will all agree with me—that this is the place for our chief city. It has heretofore been shown to me in vision, and I was satisfied that I should know the place whenever my eyes rested upon it; and now the Lord has led us to the place where the Saints can build and inhabit, sow and plant, and enjoy the fruits of their labors."

He heard

"The tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Should roll a human sea."

And these pioneers of 1847 planned for themselves and the people who should come after them; they drove the stakes at the four corners of the Temple block, surveyed and laid off the city of Salt Lake, partly constructed a fort for the safety of our emigrating companies and families, who were closely following upon the trail which

they had made, and who had the most implicit and undying faith that their leaders, the pioneers, would find a suitable place where they could dwell in peace. The pioneers did not remain until the emigrating companies came up, as it would have made it too late in the season for them to return to Winter Quarters, on the Missouri river, at the place now called Florence, where they had left their families with the moving camps of Israel; I say moving camps, for all were on the move, and at Winter Quarters they simply awaited in anxious expectation the return of the pioneers, to take them, also, to some secure abode, which they were sure brother Brigham would find in the far-off valleys of the mountains. To this place the chief portion of the pioneers returned the same season, singing

"We've found the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid—
There the Saints will be blessed."

It is not our design to recount the hardships, toils, fatigues and difficulties which beset the pioneers of 1847 at almost every step; of their order of travel and efficient organization for their own protection from roving bands of hostile Indians, who were continually lurking around to take from them animals already too few for such a journey; of their nightly vigils, their perils, their narrow escapes, and their losses, their scarcity of provisions—for no expedition of a like nature and extent, since the exodus of Israel from Egypt, was ever before undertaken with so scanty an outfit, and no camps, perhaps, were before left so destitute—nor how they were met on their return, one hundred miles out, by a detachment of friends from camp with supplies from their scanty stores. Neither is it our design to disturb the placid, smiling present, and pleasing prospect of the teeming future, by allusions to the heart-rending scenes of the past, of the drivings and banishment from Missouri, of the great massacre — burnings and expulsion from Illinois; of the demand for five hundred men from our travelling camps by the government, while on our journey of compulsory exile; nor how, ten years after, in the time of King James Buchanan, the war cry was again sounded in our ears.

"Up, awake ye defenders of Zion!
The foe's at the door of your homes."

These scenes have all passed, and yet we live. We do not care to dwell upon them to-day; but in the language of one of President Buchanan's peace commissioners, who came out to investigate the causes of the disturbance in Utah, after he had sent an army to quell it, and it had been found there was none except what had been made by themselves—"let bygones be bygones"—and come back to Utah, to the place "sought out," "a city not forsaken." To those who feign to think that we have been planted, fed, or nourished, either by the bounty of the government or otherwise, this people can say, in the language of the celebrated Colonel Barre, "they fled from your persecution, and they grew by your neglect."

These pioneers, some of whom are here to-day, while others are scattered through the different settlements, still represent the people called Latter-day Saints, who, whatever may take place in the near or extended future, be it distinctly understood, have been, and still are, the people of Utah Territory.

Salt Lake City is not the only city and settlement which has been built; that is not the only settlement which has been formed; here is Ogden, and over yonder are Willard and Brigham Cities, and then the great settlements of Cache and Bear Lake; and, extending south, hundreds of miles away, is St. George and Kanab, and all the intermediate towns, cities and settlements, numbering a hundred and more, organized and built up by these people called "Mormons;" and in all these places they have law, government, good order, sobriety, schools for the education of their children, for be it known that this people have children, hosts of them, and they try to take care of and educate them; and in all of this labor, in extending these settlements in these distant vales, which, until so penetrated by these people, were marked on all the maps and school geographies as "un-

explored regions," up to the present time not one acre of land has been made available, or one dollar been given for school purposes. No; robbed, plundered, and driven into a barren, remote region, where no one had ever raised an ear of corn, a potato, or peck of grain, or believed that it could be done, we have had to struggle, unaided by all but our Creator, for an existence, until we have reclaimed the desert plain, made it as fruitful as a garden, built dwellings, laid out cities which are the admiration of every visitor, and peopled the wilderness and made it glad with the presence of civilized man; the labor we have performed is before the world and cannot be gainsayed. In settling this Territory and organizing society here, we have realized the poet's ideal of a great and prosperous community—

"Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and a well governed State."

In other localities, far more favored by natural facilities than this, there used to be given a per centage on the sale of public lands for a school fund. Other Territories, with less than half the population of this, have been admitted into the Union as States, with subsidies of land and money appropriations, in addition to the school sections which could not be made available until so admitted. In Oregon, a country far superior in many respects to this, having an abundance of timber, seasonable rains, splendid water communications, and other advantages, settlers were granted 640 acres of land as an inducement to go there and settle; but no such favor can be extended to Utah, not a voice sufficiently potent can be raised to loosen the unconstitutional and unmanly exercise of authority by those who at present hold the grip of power. Yet we can say to them, we do not ask your bounty, nor yet your sympathy; when the bounty might have been an assistance, and the sympathy grateful and cheering to us, we received neither; but though these have been withheld, there are rights which we desire and claim. We live in a government which guarantees unto all its citizens the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and the rights of conscience, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. These rights we claim, and have no fear of any ring, party, or power, being able to withhold them from us, neither of much longer being able to withhold from us the privilege of State Government, the right to choose our own rulers—governors, judges, secretaries, marshals, sheriffs, coroners, justices of the peace, constables. We claim these as rights which underly the very base of republican institutions, under which officers hold their office and govern by the consent of the governed, and where power emanates from the people.

"What constitutes a State?

* * *

——— Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:—
These constitute a State."

We say further to them, we are not your voluntary hewers of wood and drawers of water; we did not bring with us your earrings and ornaments of gold and silver; we left our property in the hands of our enemies, and do not propose to bow down to any golden calf that you may bring forth, nor make obeisance to any Gesler's cap that you may see fit to hang on a pole. But we brought with us our holy religion, our liberty, the glorious constitution of our country, our intelligence embodying a superior civilization, and we propose to keep them.

Nestling in the bosom of the Wasatch range is a high peak, nearly over the summit of which the pioneers' trail passed. A few steps to the right of the road brings the traveler to the top of the mountain, where, by looking in a south-westerly direction, down

through a cañon or gorge in the mountains, can be seen a portion of the valley of Salt Lake, at a point about six miles south of the city, extending nearly across the valley, and taking in a view of the Oquirrh mountains on the opposite side, in the neighbourhood of Bingham cañon. I well remember being invited to take a glimpse of the valley by President Brigham Young, in whose organized company, in the year 1848, I first travelled to this country. I shall not undertake to depict the many emotions which pervaded the full heart while thus viewing the near termination of the long and wearisome journey, the anticipated joy of meeting with long separated friends, the hopes, peradventure the fears of the future, which involuntarily arose and agitated the human breast. In after years many a weary pilgrim halted there a brief moment to rest his tired limbs after walking up the steep ascent; for in those days we all walked up and down the steep declivities, through the cañons and over the rough places and deep sandy roads, in order to lighten the burden of our still more weary teams. You can better imagine than I can describe how the first gleam of that long-looked-for promised rest would stir the inmost soul, awaken rapid thought, and evoke overflowing sensations and feelings.

Pardon this digression, I must no longer linger here; the traveler does not pass this way now; lower passes and easier grades have been found, labor, long, patient and enduring labor, that talisman which works such mighty wonders, has wrought its changes here, and roads have been constructed over those easier grades and down those rugged cañons which at first were deemed wholly impracticable. We propose to still travel these roads which we have made over those lower passes and down those easier grades; and they are for all to travel thereon who choose to do so, upon the same and equal terms; but no one must be allowed to break up the bridges, or jostle us off over the banks. As with the roads, so with the laws, organizations, and regulations of our Territory; if they need changing to suit greater developments, or different circumstances or issues, or a better way be found, there is a legitimate way of establishing it through the channel of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory, which will meet at the appointed time, and patiently hear and act upon all the grievances that may be presented before it. Let us not be too hasty to condemn the bridge that has carried us safely over the roaring stream. Would it not be better, wiser, and far more proper not to set aside the laws or break up the organizations and regulations of the Territory until others are legitimately adopted to take their places. Let not the Executive adjudicate, nor the Judiciary legislate; it is not their proper function, and it is subversive of the fundamental principles upon which our government is based. Say not to the land pirates, locate your pre-emption rights, homesteads, and Chippeway scrip, on the public grounds of our town sites and cities, nor within our enclosed pastures and meadows, or upon lands made valuable by our labour; nor defend them therein. Extend not your unwarrantable protection over law-defying whisky sellers, neither traduce nor vilify the people over whom you have been appointed to preside. Do not instigate vexatious law suits, make no arrests for "buncombe," neither illegally imprison loyal citizens in military prisons, require excessive bail, deny the writ of *habeas corpus*, nor expect men, maliciously charged with crime, to run into your legal clutches, eager to be tried by your packed juries; and do not endeavour to stir up strife, by malignant and false representations, between the people of this Territory and the General Government.

The science of law is vauntingly claimed to have attained to the height of "human perfection." Excuse us, gentlemen, if we do not run shouting through the streets, swinging our hats in a wild delirium of joy, and do not bow down and worship at the shrine of such "human perfection" as this.

It is a fact, which I do not wish to ignore, that not a single man who professes to be a Latter-day Saint holds an office of profit and trust which is in the gift of the Federal Government in this Territory; not even Postmasters, Land Office and Revenue Clerks. For

as soon as a Post office has become remunerative to the Postmaster, if he be a Mormon, he is removed. What a volume there is in this brief statement! The people who have made the Territory all that it is, whose presence makes the offices that are to be filled necessary, and not one of them selected to fill the least position to which profit is attached! And, not satisfied with this, there are greedy cormorants who are clamorous to fill every office within the gift of the people as well. These are those who arrogate to themselves all the intelligence, loyalty, liberty, and political power in the Territory, who keep a debased and unscrupulous organ for lying, who prate about morality, a holier-than-thou sort of people, and drink a great share of the whisky, endeavour to give tone to public sentiment abroad and information to visitors at home. One of those legal luminaries, who has so astonished our benighted land by his stupid rulings, who has never contributed by thought, word, or deed, or the expenditure of money or labor, a single iota to the building up or benefit of the country, had the impudence, in my presence, to ask a company of gentlemen strangers, "How do you like our City?" Our City, indeed!

It reminded me of a report made by some judges, who went back from Utah to Washington some twenty years ago, and announced to the Government that "upon their arrival in Utah they found that the people there were mostly Mormons." The country undoubtedly felt under infinite obligations to them for their information; but as lucid and correct as was that statement, there are those here now who do not appear to have learned it; they do not know, or if they do, they choose to ignore the fact, that the toiling masses of the people and real citizens, who have labored and are still laboring, exploring, improving, and building up the Territory, are mostly Mormons, and we take the privilege of telling them of it again.

Wise politicians, ambitious to serve their country, should by a fair, impartial, honorable, and just administration of public affairs, seek to win the votes of the people, instead of trying to disfranchise them. Men of large expectations who accept Utah appointments as a stepping stone to something higher, who have visions of senatorial honors, and perhaps presidential aspirations floating through their brains, should seek to gain the confidence of the people of the communities in which they live, and prove to them that they are their friends and not their enemies.

The pioneers, the old citizens of this Territory, though "mostly Mormons," are, notwithstanding, loyal citizens of the United States, and claim the right to live beneath the broad folds of its Constitution upon an equality with its other citizens. We ask no more; whatever we may think and say of the consideration to which we are and should be entitled in consequence of our enterprise, perseverance, and untiring industry in reclaiming the desert land, we ask no more than the common rights, rightfully belonging to the common people of our common country, and these we expect to get, and to forever hold and enjoy.

One gun was fired immediately after the oration, succeeded by a song by the school children.

Col. D. McKenzie then read an address to Latter-day Saint Ladies, composed for this celebration by Miss E. R. Snow, which was followed by music by Captain Beesley's Martial Band, and benediction by the Chaplain.

In the afternoon President Young and party, with several distinguished guests, went by special train to Salt Lake City. The bands paraded the streets and discoursed sweet music. Visits were made and pleasant courtesies exchanged, and at 6 p.m. the excursion train returned to Salt Lake, everybody, so far as we could learn, feeling satisfied with the day's celebration. An artillery salute closing the official programme of the day.

Our visitors must have noticed one feature of our celebration, common to all "Mormon" gatherings—the absence of the *rabble* which forms a general accompaniment of processions and glorifications in other communities. Our people are taught correct principles, and they govern themselves. We congratulate the people of Weber County on their successful celebration, and wish long life and enduring fame to the brave pioneers of '47.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1871.

THE POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

ST. PAUL declares, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." They who sincerely believe will cheerfully obey its laws and submit to its ordinances, or where would be the manifestation of their faith. "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." But how shall men understand and obey except they be taught? and how shall men teach without they be sent of God? Except there were those having power to officiate in its ordinances, the Gospel would be powerless, as none could work the works of righteousness. This power to act and officiate, when conferred by God on man, is called the Holy Priesthood. They who hold this Priesthood have a right to do all things that God gives them authority to do, for all power is with him. The rights, powers and privileges of the Priesthood are prescribed by God alone, and not by man nor by the laws of man. It is the right of the Great Master to define the duties of his servants, and to delegate what portion of his authority he may see fit to certain of his sons on earth. He who denies this, denies the right of our heavenly Father to govern and control his children, and cuts off men from salvation, and the world from redemption.

All priestly power is given of God to men for the blessing and salvation of their fellows; therefore the greater the power bestowed on the Priesthood, the greater the blessings within the reach of mankind. Where the Holy Priesthood does not exist, there the fulness of the Gospel cannot be found, and there its priceless blessings are unobtainable by men. In this respect, the people of this generation are blessed above all others who have lived in ages when the Priesthood only existed in part and with very limited powers among mankind, or during such times when the Priesthood was entirely taken from the earth. As instanced, when taken away partially during the epoch between the time of Moses and the advent of Christ, and when removed entirly, from the days of the great apostacy after the death of the Apostles, to its restoration by divine power to Joseph Smith.

The Lord does not delegate the same amount of power to all his servants. He has set in his Church "first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers." In the Priesthood of the Apostleship is circumscribed and embraced all power given by God to man. Others not ordained to this calling have given unto them, according to their ordination, certain portions of this power, the extent of their authority being clearly defined by the word of God. Unto Peter, the representative of the Twelve—their President by seniority, Jesus said, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou

shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Again, to his chosen disciples, he said, "Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Then it is recorded by John that, after his crucifixion, Jesus visited his disciples, and after showing them his hands and side to prove that he was indeed their Lord, he said to them, "Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." By the above words of our Savior, for the words are his, not man's, we learn that unto the Apostles was given power to bind and loose on earth, and it should be bound and loosed in heaven, to forgive or retain sins, and he would forgive or retain them. Mighty power! who could receive greater?

The same Priesthood and Apostleship, with all the powers thereof, have been bestowed by God on man in these days. As a result, all the blessings belonging to the new and everlasting covenant are within the reach of mankind. The keys of the kingdom of heaven are on earth. Truth has sprung out of the earth, righteousness has looked down from heaven. The right, the power and the privilege to seal, to bind, to record, to forgive, to loose, and knowledge thereof shall be taken in heaven, is with those whom God has called, appointed and ordained. Hearken unto the word of the Lord, concerning his servant Hyrum Smith (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. ciii, p. 29), "That my servant Hyrum may take the office of Priesthood and Patriarch, which was appointed unto him by his father, by blessings and also by right, that from henceforth he shall hold the keys of the Patriarchal blessings upon the heads of all my people, that whoever he blesses shall be blessed, and whoever he curses shall be cursed; that whatsoever he shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven; and from this time forth I appoint unto him that he may be a prophet and a Seer."

We shall resume this subject on some future occasion. G. R.

RELEASE.—On account of ill health, Elder W. M. Bromley is released to return home with the company that will leave Liverpool Wednesday, September 6.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

BY ELDER AMASA POTTER.

In the spring of 1856, in the days of my youth, I was called by the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to go on a mission to Australia, to preach the Gospel. I was young and inexperienced, and had but little education. I had been to school but six months in my life, although I had been raised in the Church from infancy, and had been taught by my mother that God had spoken from the heavens in these last days, and had sent a holy angel to reveal the Gospel that had been lost from the earth. These things I understood; but the Scriptures I never had read, from the fact that I could not read. Under these circumstances I went to President Heber C. Kimball and asked permission to stay at home one year,

and I would go to school and learn to read and write, and then I would go. But he said that he had called me to a mission, and he wanted that I should go now. So I received my endowments, and President Kimball blessed me, and prophesied many great things that should happen to me in the next three years and a half; for he said that I would be gone that time, and should learn to read and write by my close application and the help of the Holy Spirit. I bade farewell to my aged mother, and started in company with some other Elders for Australia.

We arrived in Carson Valley, where Judge Drummond was holding a court at the time. President Orson Hyde was probate judge in that valley, and had held a court a short time before we arrived. He had decided a case of law between Colonel Reese and another in the case of a mill. A. P. Chessly, one of our missionaries, filed a demurrer against brother Hyde's decision, and the case was tried by Judge Drummond. Colonel Reese lost the mill. Brother Hyde told Chessly that he had better not go on his mission, if he did he should never see home again, for he had sinned with his eyes open to get gain. Brother Hyde said to all of us if we went with him that we should share with him the displeasure of God.

We arrived at San Francisco, and there was a ship about to sail for Australia. Half of the Elders said that they would go on that ship with Chessly, and the remainder of us said that we would wait for another vessel. They started, and in about thirty days afterwards a clipper bark was advertised to sail, and we embarked on that ship. In thirty-six days we arrived at Sidney, Australia, having sailed 10,000 miles, and had a pleasant voyage. The other brethren had not been heard of. One hundred and fifteen days passed, and they arrived at Melbourne. They had been almost starved to death, and had sold nearly all of their clothing to the natives for fruit, chickens and pigs, &c, to live on. Thus was brother Hyde's prediction fulfilled to them.

I was now in Sidney, a large beautiful city, containing 175,000 inhabitants. I concluded that I would travel through the city a day or two and get something of importance to write home.

I was traveling my first day on a back street, and I saw some birds with fine plumage, and several monkeys performing on some wires that were stretched in a yard near a mill. Not understanding the customs of that country, I stepped through the gate to see the birds and monkeys. Just then a man let loose a large dog and gave a whistle. I looked around and saw the dog coming towards me at full speed. I sprang for the gate, and got hold of it; at the same time the dog got hold of my back, and a struggle ensued. I finally extricated myself from the dog, but he had torn my coat off and left me only the sleeves and the collar. I then concluded that I had got something to write home, and I would not travel any further in that city.

We found the opposition to the Gospel was very great in this place, so I started in company with another young Elder to go to the interior of the Island to commence our labors preaching the Gospel. When we came to a city called Camden, forty miles from Sidney, we concluded to try to get a place to preach in. We were refused all public houses that we asked for. Finally, we tried to get the privilege of stopping at a public house or tavern all night. We told the landlord that we were missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we were traveling without purse or scrip, according to the pattern that Jesus had left on record in the Bible. The landlord asked us if we were Mormons. We said that we were called that name by the world. After talking some time with him he ordered us out of his house, and told some drunken Irishmen to run us out of the town and he would give them a gallon of rum each. It was now after dark, and we went down one of the streets and called at a large boot and shoe shop. The owner said that he would keep us, and we were having a good discussion on the principles of the Gospel when a rough voice called to the master of the place, and said—

"Are you going to keep them d—d Mormons here all night?"

We looked towards the door, and saw there a mob of drunken men, armed with native war clubs, spears, and the boo nerang. The boomerang

is a weapon that the natives formerly fought with.

I said to my companion we must get out of here.

He replied, "how shall we do it without getting hurt?"

I said to him that God had not sent us here to be killed in this manner, and if we will now trust wholly on the Lord, he will deliver us.

I had not more than got these words out of my mouth when the owner of the house caught the same spirit as the mob, and said to us, "get out of my house, or I will kill you," and, at the same time, struck at my partner with a hammer, but missed him as he sprang to one side.

The mob said, "drive them out, and we will use them up in a hurry."

I picked up my carpet bag and umbrella, and went to the door with a prayerful heart to God that he would protect us, and I walked out between many of them. It appeared they did not see me, or they did not notice me.

The mob was arranged on each side of the door, with their weapons drawn ready to strike at the first sight of us, and as my partner came out the leader of the band called the attention of his men to give some instructions how to deal with us, and thus he slipped past them unseen. I took him by the arm, and we started down the street. In the darkness of the night they could not see us. About this time the owner of the house came to the door, and they asked him where the Mormons were. He replied that they had gone out just that minute. They said they knew better, for, said they, they have not passed us, and you had better bring them out or we will knock your house down. At that they broke into the house, and, at not finding us, they took the master and journeymen out, and beat them almost to death.

In this deliverance I see the prediction of President Heber C. Kimball fulfilled; for he said that I should be brought into many close places, and it would seem that death stared me in the face; but if I would be faithful to my mission, the angels of God would deliver me in all trials, and I should return in safety to the Church and to my home. In all of my travels on that Island for two years and a half I found that when there was a good work to be done in a city we met with the greatest opposition; for in this same city, in which we received such cruel treatment, we afterwards preached and baptised and organized a branch of the Church with many members.

We next went to a city called Picton, and by this time the Lord had made us bold to declare his Gospel, for such light had burst upon our minds as we had never thought of before; and by this time I had learned to read and write, and had learned arithmetic very well. We applied for the Court house and obtained it from the judge of the district. We appointed a meeting for Friday evening, and we then put up some cards stating the time of meeting.

At the time appointed the people assembled and filled the house. For two days my companion had been marking passages in the Bible, and on this occasion he was intending to deliver a fine discourse. The meeting was opened, and he arose, took his text, and commenced with great importance. He had not spoken more than five minutes when he got to the end of his sermon, for he could not say more than amen. Then I was introduced to the congregation as Elder Potter, with a remark that I would continue the subject of the Gospel. I arose with fear and trembling, for it was the first time in my life that I had stood in a pulpit. Before me laid a large marginal Bible and prayer book. I must say that my mind was confused, but I took a text from the Bible that lay open before me. It was from the prophet Amos: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."

After reading it I spoke a few more words, and became dumb that I could not speak. I stood there without speaking about two minutes when the words of President Kimball came to me. He said that the time would come when I should be at a loss to know what to say to the people, and at that time he said, if you will commence to declare the divine mission of Joseph Smith in this our day, and the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, the Lord will loose your tongue, and you shall say the very things that are needful to be said to the people. When this came

to my mind, I commenced declaring these things to the congregation. I had spoken but a few minutes when I thought I saw several lines of large letters printed on the walls of the house, and I commenced to read them, and spoke about one hour. When the letters faded from my sight I then stopped speaking. I could not tell all that I had said, but my companion told me it was an excellent discourse. When meeting was dismissed the judge came to us and said if we wanted the court house again we could have it, so we gave notice that we would preach at that place again on Sunday evening next. The next day we went through the city and talked with many of the people, and when Sunday evening came we lighted the chandeliers in the house, went up into the pulpit and sat and read the Scriptures. The time arrived for the people to gather, but not a soul came. We waited half-an-hour, sung a hymn, and dedicated the house for meeting. We still waited, but as no one came we looked up the house and went to our lodgings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

Salt Lake City, July 16, 1871.

President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother—* * * Our "Fourth" went off smoothly, although I must admit things looked squally the night previous, owing to the proclamation of acting-Governor Black. But in this, as in everything else, the Lord overruled for the best, to the chagrin and overthrow of our enemies, adding one more testimony to those already given to the human family, that this is God's kingdom, and they who fight against it must fall. The officers from Camp Douglas acted like gentlemen. The commanding officer had a talk with brother Wells, in which he told him he would have to obey orders, even if they were opposed to his feelings. He expressed the wish that we would refrain from taking arms in the procession. But I suppose you have heard of this long ago.

During the day so-called civilization was in full blast. Drinking, fighting, swearing and pistol drawing gave tone to "our liberties." The "liberals" from Corinne came down with the intention of running the "Mormon metropolis." Quite a number did run, but it was to the City Hall to cool off at their leisure. This is getting a fast place with fast people and fast customs, and I am sorry to say some of our people are not slow to adopt many of their fashions. The mines are doing a wonderful business, and some are selling at almost fabulous prices. A great amount of ore and bullion is being shipped, also considerable wool and hides, which I do not like to see sent out of our Territory. The U.C.R.R. is doing a driving business, and the U.S.R.R. is being pushed ahead rapidly.

Praying God to bless you in all your labors, I remain yours affectionately,

ZEBULON JACOBS.

Salt Lake City, July 27, 1871.

Elder Geo. Reynolds.

Dear Brother—When the President was preparing to start for Soda Springs, I asked his permission to visit my folks in Cache Valley, and having obtained his consent I started the day after he did. When visiting Paradise, where my father lives, he invited me to join the company. I did so, and visited the settlements through Cache Co., and in connection with Miss Julia Young, reported the various sermons, &c., and I can assure you had plenty of it to do. If you have had the pleasure of travelling through any part of the Territory with the President, you have not forgotten the huge treatment and the ever willing hearts that catered to the happiness and enjoyment of the company. After witnessing the demonstration in Ogden in commemoration of our brave pioneers' entrance into this valley, we were conveyed to Salt Lake City by a special train. We were all very glad to see the city once again.

Marshal McAllister has just return-

ed from the small-pox hospital, whither he has conveyed Judge Strickland, who is smitten with that disease. The Judge at first refused to be taken to the hospital, and employed John S. Lindsay and Jos. Salisbury to fence that part of Main Street where he lives, near Walker Bros., so that teams could not pass, but leaving a passage for pedestrians. A most absurd idea. But he and Co. found out that he had to go, and he has gone, and Messrs. Lindsay and Salisbury have been arrested for violating one of the city ordinances, but have not yet been dealt with.

You will see by the *Herald* that the "liberals" had a very "sputty" meeting some time this week. One fellow from Corinne, favoring Catholicism, received a most spirited attack from E. W. Tullidge, who has returned from New York, and another who ridiculed polygamists, calling them hogs, &c., met a rebuff from Eli B. Kelsey, who acknowledged himself a polygamist. Gov. Woods, who presided, had great difficulty in restoring order, and dismissed very abruptly, fearing unpleasant issues.

Judge McKean opened his court with a jury impanneled, yet, notwithstanding the many cases awaiting adjudication, not a single one was presented: the jury was dismissed *sine die*.

The little stores occupying the ground between Kimball and Lawrence's and Asmussen's have been taken down, and five very neat ones have been erected, which greatly improve the appearance of the street. Brother Elias Morris is pushing forward the work on the Temple, besides filling up many hollows in the foundation part. One course of rock has been laid.

With kind love to yourself, brother Carlson, etc., I remain yours, etc.,

GEO. F. GIBBS.

UTAH NEWS.

The following are from the *Deseret News* to July 27—

The City Council of Salt Lake City had decided in improving the street lamps of the city.

The Twenty-fourth was celebrated with *eclat* at Gunnison, Parowan, Nephi, Wellsville, and various other settlements.

On the Twenty-fourth the Sunday and day schools of the First Ward spent the day pleasantly at the Twentieth Ward pleasure grounds. The young folks engaged in dancing, swinging, bathing, &c.

On the afternoon of July 22, a severe storm passed over Moroni. The hail was so heavy that it cut vines and cabbages to pieces, and lodged grain so that it will be bad to harvest. The wind, hail, and rain roared in the mountains west of there, so that it was heard for a distance of six or seven miles.

The construction of the Utah Southern was progressing rapidly. The first twenty miles of the road were located, and let to contractors, who were pushing the work as fast as possible. Pile-driving for the Dry Creek bridge, fifteen miles south of the city, had commenced, and the track was laid as far as Little Cottonwood.

"A. C.," of Brigham City, in a letter dated July 20, wrote, that on the evening of that day, at the above place, as a fifteen year old son of J. L. Grahl was bringing a load of hay from the meadow to his father's place another boy about five years old set fire to the hay. He did not notice the flames until about to take the hay into the stack yard, and on perceiving them he turned the mules towards the street. In jumping from the top of the load he got entangled between the animals and the wagon, but soon freed himself, however, and vainly endeavoured to unhitch the team. As soon as the flames touched the animals they started off on a run across the public square, broke through

Judge Smith's picket fence and passed into his orchard, where they stuck by running against a tree. Here the judge cut the animals loose with a knife, getting slightly burned in doing so, while others were endeavouring to extinguish the fire. The hay was nearly all consumed, the wagon rendered useless, and the mules were so badly burned that they will probably die. Had not the team been turned by J. T. Packer, as they were making towards Judge Smith's stack-yard, the consequences might have been very disastrous, as a pretty strong wind was blowing at the time.

The same correspondent states that some damage had been done by grasshoppers at Brigham, mostly to orchards.

The *News* says, A day or two since we heard two gentlemen conversing about the recent action of the acting-Governor. One remarked to the other that the acting-Governor was an old acquaintance of his. "I knew him," said he, "when he was in the nigger-minstrel business." We asked no questions; but we felt relieved. We had been under the impression that his Excellency had been a printer; and, for the credit of the craft, we were pleased to know that he had another profession. If he made out no better in the burnt-cork business in assuming characters than he has in personating a Governor, we are not surprised at his accepting the appointment of private Secretary to the late Governor. "Acting" is evidently not his *forte*.

The following are from the *Salt Lake Herald* to July 27—

Alma Kington, aged 18, son of Thomas Kington, was drowned on the 23rd, in the Muddy river, at Wellsville.

There had been a small fire in the Twentieth Ward, which resulted in burning one frame shanty belonging to Mrs. Knight, and considerably damaging another.

Col. A. P. Rockwood had returned from his recent visit to the East. He had succeeded in bringing home with him some 500 shads and eels, which he had placed in his fish pond, in the Sugar House Ward.

The office of the Eureka Mining Company, First South street, just west of the market, was literally barricaded with crude bullion, there being a thousand bars piled up around it, weighing some sixty-one tons, valued at $200 per ton.

Complaint was made by the wood haulers that the hospital tent of Judge Strickland, in Emigration cañon, was located within three rods of the main road where teams are continuall passing, and there was no sign to notify the passer of the danger of approaching the infected spot.

The *Herald* remarks—Those who think these are dull times should have seen the several trains of the Utah Central on Monday. Every car was crowded to suffocation, and there was not an inch square of space on any of the platforms. To place the entire number of those who passed over the road that day at 5,000 would not, we think, be an exaggeration.

The juveniles had a splendid time, on the Twenty-fourth, in the enterprising Twentieth Ward. At nine, a.m., there was a terrible explosion of fire-crackers, and the roar of artillery made some of the visitors look around for valiant deputy Marshals as of yore. On the arrival of the martial band, of last November notoriety, the imposing army proceeded to march around the schoolhouse block, armed with sticks of candy and other dangerous missiles. This over, the little soldiers took amusement in various games, after which a general distribution of candy was made to the forces. Then followed foot races, jumping races, &c. At twelve o'clock the children were treated to a liberal pic-nic, provided by the ladies of the ward; this over, a general sing was indulged in by the whole company, making the air ring with "Lovely Deseret." G. M. Ottinger, the orator of the day, made some very pertinent remarks upon the liberality manifested on the occasion, the hardy pioneers, the early settlers of our lovely valleys, the lessons of perseverance, &c., and urged the girls and boys to seek to merit prizes in their whole career through life. About $200 worth of prizes

were then distributed, consisting of oil paintings, chromos, work boxes, writing desks, gold pens, pocket knives, silver spoons, &c., &c., to the most deserving in the various scholastic, domestic, and artistic requirements. A general dance on the green was then tendered the children and the assembly, which closed at six, p.m. The proceedings of the day were terminated by a ball in the school-house, in aid of the Sunday school, which was a truly enjoyable affair.

A DREAM.

Some months ago, in visions of the night,
I stood in a strange town, and from two roads
Converging toward me, came a multitude
Of people, male and female, plainly clad
In English dress; and as, with steady pace,
They neared my path, 'twas strange to see they bore
No luggage,—not even travelling bag,
Or umbrella, or staff; and round about
Each person shone a mild celestial light.
They seemed to be retired in thought from all
They passed, as pilgrims bound for other lands.
On asking one, a female in the front,
Who were they, and to what place journeying?
Briefly, and with kind accent, she replied,—
"Latter-day Saints we are, and on our way
"To Zion!" and onward they calmly moved.
Usual modes of thought would have arrayed
The emigrating bustle—boxes, bags,
And luggage rare, and freighted railway trains;
And Saints' last warnings to their weeping friends:
But the unusual throng, and heavenly light
About the Saints, will be remembered long.
At present, our exertions to get free
From all that blocks our road to Zion's mount
Must not relax; but, with an active faith,
Work on, and pray, even should the path appear
Shut up; for wisdom infinite will clear
The path of duty, and all the faithful
May look forward, in Zion's courts to stand,
To learn their heavenly Father's will; to walk
In righteousness, with purity of heart;
And be baptized for relatives, who went
Beyond the vail, to know what we will do,
And thus promote their welfare in this last
Dispensation for gath'ring all in Christ;—
And more,—go we, who hope at length to go,
To forward schemes for helping those who wish
To flee to Zion, but who will, alas!
Most probably, be left awhile behind.

Stafford. R. F.

An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen, said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the country—it is so light, so very light. Mr Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a great deal easier to gather the crops."

If a child has a fault, he is expected and required to correct it. If his mother has one, it is accepted as a fixed fact. "She is of a peevish disposition," says the commentator, and that is received as final. Is this necessarily so? Is it because we grown up people can't or won't that we don't mend our errors? The occasional victories achieved over life long frailties answers the query. That then is the highest philosophy of life which, taking the world as it is, gathers from it materials of a symmectrical and progressive character, which, day by day, slowly, it may be, but surely, carries its possessor up to higher levels of existence, and to greater victories over all opposing forces.